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Catora



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I sat there crying in my lap sitting in the woods nowhere to go no place to call home. Out of nowhere, a German Shepard came up to me and snuggled against my arm. Then, out of the blue, he began pulling on my sleeve. "Okay boy, I'll bite." I snickered. I stood up and followed him he began barking at the water. I saw a boy in there and it looked like he was drowning. So I did what any kind human being would do, I took off my boots, hopped in, grabbed hold of him, and then finally brought him up to the surface. He looked at me angrily and said, "Hey I was div-." "Ugh, you weren't drowning?" I shouted. "No, I was diving but thanks... You mind letting go of me?" he asked calmly. "Sorry," I responded. I slowly pulled away and swam out of the water putting on my boots and walking towards the bushes. "Wait!" he screeched. I turned around with an annoyed look on my face, "Yeah?" "Aren't you going to go home?" he asked. "Actually no, I don't have a place to go," I said with a lump in my throat. He responded right away, "But I do. Maybe you could stay for dinner." "I'm not sure about that," I said with a worried look. "Well I am," he said sternly. "I guess is this because I "saved" your life?" I asked sarcastically. He smirked and said, "Yeah. Come with me." I followed him as he led me to a car with rust all over it. I hopped in thinking about my favorite song, "Lost Boy". As we drove off in the car I let the song take over my mind. At first, I thought I was just singing in my head, but then that turned into a hum, then a

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friend, um...." "<Whisper> Catora." "Catora," he stuttered. "Well she can stay for dinner," she replied kindly. "Actually, I was hoping she could stay for a couple nights," he said nervously. "What's this about?" she asked. He replied, "She doesn't have anywhere to go." "Yup, that's my life story," I said with a goofy grin. "I better go get dinner ready and some blankets," she responded. After she left, the mystery boy broke the silence, "Hey, by the way, I'm Blake." "Cool name," I said casually. "There's some old shirts and pants in the guest room if you'd like them. First door on the right," she said. "Thank you. You are probably the first person I've seen that has ever tried to help a "hobo" before. Especially me," I said. "In my opinion, think you would make a pretty nice "hobo," he said awkwardly. "<Giggle> Thanks."

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